THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Origin of the Homeric Poems.

Remarks on the 1st Art. 2d Vol. of the American Quarterly Review.—No. 2.

THE degree of credit which the historical or traditionary account of any fact deserves, bears a near proportion to what we may justly suppose to have been its importance. And had the writings of Homer been distinguished by nothing uncommon in ease and elegance, or grand in their design, and he himself a poet of no superior powers of mind; then the doubtful reports of antiquity would have been proportionally weaker, and less deserving our belief. But the unrivalled character of his works,—the excessive degree of admiration that has been bestowed upon them by every succeeding age from time immemorial, together with the celebrated name of its author, so often repeated and praised, and associated with so many circumstances and facts that tend to strengthen and impress the whole with the air of truth, are considerations that give great weight to the opinions of preceding ages, and require the proof to be conclusive by which it is repudiated as fictitious, uncertain and false. And yet the arguments prepared for this purpose are extremely vague and uncertain—often discrepant and contradictory; and sometimes commencing with such expressions as the 'utter uncertainty,' the 'improbability,' the 'high degree of probability,' which betray their utter want of vitality and strength. And in replying to them we will be as brief as the nature of the subject permits, not fully discussing, in some instances, points which will more properly be noticed in an other place; and in others, those which are heterogeneous and discrepant. But to come to the arguments:—

1. 'The utter uncertainty of all traditions concerning Homer; his existence, his age or period, his country, his history.'

That there is much uncertainty frequently attending traditions we have no disposition to deny; and did we happen to fall in with the views of the reviewer in all particulars regarding the traditionary accounts of Homer, we might, perhaps, be willing to characterize them by the strong epithet of 'utter uncertainty.' But believing as we do that the accounts handed down to us relative to the broad question of his existence, are attended with such collateral evidence as to render them worthy of belief, we are unwilling they should be disposed of in this summary manner. With the views he maintains in regard to the length of time we are dependent upon tradition for our knowledge of these facts, his arguments would appear more plausible, but even then we think not wholly conclusive. As we have stated in a previous No. he affirms that we have no proof of any historical writings anterior to 440 before Christ, making us dependent upon traditionary accounts for our knowledge of Homer at least 400 years.* But even he admits that writing to some extent was known for a long time previous to this, and has presented us with eight different materials upon which letters were inscribed, in order to show that no *lengthy* or *continued* composition could have been written upon them. Now we wish to ask, if *written* testimony is required, why some of these materials, upon which names and laws were inscribed, might not answer to transmit all the information that is necessary to determine the authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey, and the poet's existence. We say nothing about his 'age,' his 'country,' his 'history,'—for from the nature of the case these minor circumstances could never be related with equal fidelity, and transmitted with the same care; but the *broad question of his existence!!* Could not sufficient knowledge be transmitted upon these materials to settle *this* forever? No person can doubt it. But how long previous to the christian era was writing of this kind practiced? Upon the authority of Pliny† it is said that written laws were given to Greece as early as 600, and the same fact is recorded in Herodotus,‡ whose veracity in matters of this kind is proverbial. But we have the testimony of this same historian,‖ that there were three tripods in the temple of Ismean Apollo, bearing the inscriptions of three persons' names; and as these identical persons are spoken of in the poems of Homer, and lived in the age in which they were written, the inscriptions must obviously have been made at that early period of time. And if these comparatively obscure individuals could find a tripod to perpetuate their memory in posterity, would the immortal author of the Iliad have been honored with no monumental inscription, if such were necessary to preserve *his* name in coming ages? Can it be supposed that a poet, whose works were the pride and glory

* Gillie's Greece, vol. 1. p. 250.
† Pliny's Natural History, 1, 6, 29.
‡ Gillie's Greece, vol. 1, p. 10. ‖ Id.

of his age, and considered ample authority for the decision of any dispute, would be forgotten or confounded with an *other* of his age, and not cherished in the memory and inscriptions of every patriot in Greece? If so, why are we told of the 'uncertainty of *tradition*" in regard to his existence, when this was doubtless aided and corroborated by a thousand inscriptions which have long since perished amid the ruins of that country?

But there are other considerations which greatly strenthen what is *called* tradition in regard to the poet's existence. In the first place, *it has never been contradicted by any other tradition.* The hypothesis we are combatting is a *modern* invention. Secondly, *it appears to be as old as the fact which it commemorates.*—Our antagonists themselves being judges. In the the third place, *it appears to have been believed as long as known.*—With a very few exceptions, however, after Wolf filled with dust and smoke* the literary world by the publication of his celebrated *Prolegomena.* Fourthly, *it is inconsistent with no public institution, nor any kind of historical evidence; but rather corroborated by them.* Finally, and what is of great consequence in determining the validity of tradition, *it could never have been designedly perverted,* since justice, patriotism, gratitude and humanity itself, required that these works should be attributed to their *real* author, not to a Homer *that never had 'existence.'* These are laid down by one of the ablest works † of the day, as the principal criteria by which to test the correctness of traditionary accounts, and with these remarks we are willing this argument should have all the force a person in conscience can give it.

2. 'The state of civilization at the supposed time of Homer's appearing—being either the savage state, or that immediately preceding it."

This should be coupled with the next in order following, to make any thing like a connected argument; as the former is a proposition from which the latter appears to be an inference.

3. 'The improbability in the then state of knowledge and literature of one man being capable of forming a connected story so ingeniously and artificially designed, with so many complicated parts as we see in these poems.'

The argument contained under these two heads, if we apprehend the reviewer's meaning, is this:—The improbability, that, at the early period of the world in which Homer is supposed to have written, being "either the savage state, or that immediately succeeding it," "a connected story so ingeniously and artificially designed, and with so many complicated parts," could be composed by a single man. Were we to concede this point, the only thing gained would be, that Homer *and* his work belong to a later age than is generally supposed,—for they must always go together, the latter being the only means we have for determining the period of the former; and though this is not the point we are contesting, it may be well to look at the "improbability," as this is an article in which he abounds. In the first place, we see no "improbability" that these poems were the work of an early age, because the early perfection of the Grecians in poetry and eloquence is accounted for in an easy and philosophical manner by an able historian,* and also a periodical;† to which our limits will only permit us to refer without entering at all into the discussion. Secondly, the same argument might be urged with equal force against the antiquity of a large part of sacred history, which abounds in poetry and eloquence the most delicate and sublime. And finally we *know*, from the darkness and doubt which has covered all particulars in the history of Homer and his works, that they are of great antiquity,—*at least, as old as his supposed period.* We have then the *fact*, whatever may be the probabilities or "improbabilities" in the case.

4. 'The high degree of probability, that among a succession of rhapsodists who sang these songs professionally during several centuries, and while the whole existed unwritten, in the memory of various people in various parts of Greece, during a long period of years, they would be apt to insert and pass off their own compositions as Homer's, detection being nearly impossible.'

The 'succession of rhapsodists' here spoken of, as having lived at the time of Homer and immediately subsequent, seems to be attended with a little obscurity, since we have seen in a former No.‡ that he denies the only source of information we have to determine *they ever existed;* also the 'long period of years,' and the 'several centuries, during which these songs were 'sung' and existed 'in the memory,' is not exactly obvious, since the point *whether they were originally written,*‖ has not been fully decided, and, as we have just seen, the reviewer himself labors to show that they are the production of subsequent age, which would make the 'long period' rather a short one. But perhaps this obscurity is owing to the obtuseness of our mental vision, yet we shall remonstrate against his drawing inferences from premises that have never been established, and some of which are

* North American Review, No. li. p. 293.
† N. A. Review, No. lxiii. p. 321.

* Mitford's Greece, vol. 1, p. 2.
† North American Roview, Id. p. 315.
‡ Undergraduate, p. 18.
‖ Mitford's Greece, vol. 1. p. 126.

repudiated by his own 'Canons of Criticism.' As he considers the argument only a '*high degree of probability*,' or a thing that *might*, or '*would be apt*' to take place, perhaps it may be silenced the best by one of his own above mentioned 'Canons.'

'To the argument "a fact might have been so and so; or such a circumstance *might* have taken place," it suffices to reply, "it might *not* have been so and so; such and such a circumstance might *not* have taken place." Suppositions of this kind are like positive and negative quantities in Algebra—they destroy each other. The true rule is, a posse ad esse, non valet consequentia.'

Admirable rules! and a sufficient reply to a number of his positions, or rather *sup*-positions.

5. 'From the want of connexion of several books of the Iliad with the general story.'

As this objection is of the same character with the one following, and separated for no other reason than to increase their number and formidable appearance, we shall take them together in our remarks.

6. 'From the frequent repetition of sentences and comparisons, which would be well enough when recited to different persons, at different times and places; but not as parts of our regular and arranged composition.'

His 'want of connexion in several books' is first urged as an argument for not considering them the work of Homer, or of one man,—in the next, the 'frequent repetitions of sentences and comparisons.' That the first of these faults obtains to any extent in these poems, is an assertion that we unhesitatingly deny. It is not denied, however, that there are digressions in many instances from the main subject, in the form of episodes, which is by no means peculiar to these works, but exists to a greater or less degree in those of all his admired successors. If this can be considered a demerit, or a proof that the work is the production of more than one man, let it be remembered that it is equally in point to prove the same thing with regard to the authors above cited. But as to the repetitions, they are acknowledged on all sides to be rather frequent and characteristic of Homer. They bear every where the evident marks of design; and so far from being considered a fault were peculiar to all the poetry we have received from that early age of the world. The Homeric and sacred poetry of the Hebrews, are the only remains of this ancient date,* and are both alike characterized by occasional repetitions or parallelisms.† But it will be recollected that in the fifth argument the reviewer spoke of these poems as a '*connected story*,' 'ingeniously and artificially designed;' why, then, are we now told of their '*want* of connexion? and why their '*repetitions*' spoken of as a want of 'design?' But the inference from these contradictions seems to be this:—In the first place, the poems are so 'connected,' so 'ingeniously and artificially designed,' that they could not have been the work of Homer, *for he would not have written as well!* Again, they so much abound in 'repetitions,' and are so destitute of 'connexion' that they could not have been his—*he would have written better!!* So he seems not only skilled in blowing "heat and cold," but in the use of logic that, like a two-edged sword, cuts both ways. But as the arguments refute each other, we will turn to the last.

7. 'From the utter impossibility of believing that the Greek of Homer's time could have continued unchanged from thence till the time of Pisistratus.'

But what can we know about 'Homer's time' that is not covered with the mists of tradition, and far more difficult to determine than the general question of his existence? And how idle the attempt to fix his period in one age of the world, and then undertake to say that his works are the productions of another, when both are dependent upon what the reviewer calls the 'fictitious' tale of tradition! Indeed, the best and almost only source we have to determine the period of his existence, is the historical transactions recorded in his works, and the moment he is denied to have been *their* author, not only his *age*, but his very *existence* becomes a matter of conjecture. How then, we demand, can his period be fixed in an age of the world differing from that of his works, when the latter is the only source we have for determining the former? And why tell of the 'impossibility' of the Greek of 'Homer's time' should continue unchanged until the time of Pisistratus, when 'Homer's time' is only known from his poems, his 'Greek,' and must forever follow them.

But we will look at a few facts in regard to the changes of language, and see what ground there is for the support of the above argument. 'Homer's time,' according to Herodotus,* was about 840 before Christ; and putting that of Pisistratus at 550, would make a difference of 290 years,—during which we are told it 'is impossible that the Greek could have continued unchanged.' We find from authority,† upon which unquestionable reliance can be placed in this case, that the old Syriac version of the New Testament made as early as the second century, differs very little from the *Chronicon* which

* Pope's Preface to Homer, p. 21.
† Lowth on Hebrew Poetry, vol. 2, sec. 19.

* Gillie's Greece, vol. 1, p. 10.
† North American Review, No. li. p. 290.

was written about one thousand years later. The language of the Roman and the Arabic just before and after are very similar to that from the tenth down to the sixteenth century, making a period of from sixteen to twenty-four hundred years! But a fact which is still more in point, is the almost exact correspondence between the writings of Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, who lived 550 years before Christ, and the Chinese language of the present day. We also learn from Dr. Marshman,* that one of the Chinese Commentaries which he consulted that was written one thousand five hundred years after the works of Confucius, and another still later, differed in no respect from the original, either in style or diction, excepting the latter was a little more concise. Here, then, are instances which show that language has been preserved with little or no variation *fram one to two thousand years;* and yet we are told in the argument above that it is impossible the Greek should continue unchanged for *two hundred and ninety years!!* Add to these considerations the strong degree of attachment always manifested by the Greeks for their language; the high degree of perfection it had attained in the age of Homer; the powerful influence his works would have in directing the taste and preserving the style of his age, together with the strong aversion of every nation to changes in their languages, and then say how much the argument in question shall avail in separating the immortal Homer from his works?

If these arguments fail to establish his opinion, we might claim our position as never having been overthrown; but we will, nevertheless, offer a few obvious reasons for it, in another Number. CRITIQUE.

*N. A. Review, No. li. p, 290.

Theatrical Exhibitions.

"All the world 's a stage,
"And all the men and women merely actors."

THE remarks upon theatrical exhibitions, by a writer in the last No. of the Undergraduate, have attracted my attention, and the candor, I may even say liberality, with which the subject is treated, has induced me to offer a few words in defence of this rational amusement. Since the gauntlet has been thrown, I cannot fail to notice the frankness of my opponent. Unlike certain modern inquisitors, who would have proved an honor to the fanatical times of Cromwell, or have adorned the courts of Spanish Ferdinand, but who in the present enlightened age of the world, by their excessive desire of inflicting punishment or entailing disgrace upon all who chance to possess sentiments differing from their own, will only bring upon themselves the pity and contempt of an enlightened community.—Unlike those would-be dictators, my antagonist has the generosity to suppose that there are those, who sincerely, however erroneously, believe that theatres are deserving of support and encouragement. The indefensible zeal of too many of the opposers of theatres entitles that to the name of liberality, which in ordinary cases would deserve the appellation of common justice.

While I admire the candor exhibited by my opponent, I cannot equally agree with him in the conclusions which he deduces. So far from being convinced that theatres depend for support upon other principles of the human intellect than judgment, by the fact, that to them in every age and nation, the wise and good, who possessed this faculty in an eminent degree, have given their sanction, I am the rather confirmed in my favorable opinion of this instructive amusement. The argument, to be sure, is not of the greatest weight, yet there is a pleasure even in error, to know we err in common with the great and good of past centuries, whose memories oblivion's waves have not been able to efface, but who stand forth, the moral land-marks upon the waste of time, surrounded by "empire's wrecks and nation's ruins." The sentiments of such men, unless obviously erroneous, are, at least, deserving of consideration. There must be proof, strong as holy writ, to weaken our confidence in the morality and judgment of a Cato, and of a Seneca, among the ancients; and of an Addison, Steele, and a Johnson, among the moderns—all of whom were the strenuous and consistent advocates of the stage.

The drama however rests not its merits upon the virtues of many of its most prominent supporters, but upon the benefit it has proved to the world, and the still greater benefits, it is capable of bestowing upon civilized and enlightened nations. That, like most other institutions, the theatre, in a measure partakes of the character of the nation in which it exists, and consequently may have exerted a baneful influence, under the direction of the licentious among a weak and profligate people, will not be denied; but that its influence among enlightened communities has been salutary, facts I believe will evince. All the hateful cruelties, and deeds of darkest dye perpetrated under the sacred name of liberty might with equal justice be charged upon the friends of national freedom, as that the licentiousness of the theatres (if they deserve the name) at the decline of the Grecian

and Roman empire, or during the French Revolution, should be urged as an objection against well regulated establishments of this kind. In Greece, when in the zenith of her glory, the theatre, like the Olympic contests, called into action, the otherwise dormant powers of Grecian genius, and the rewards and honors there held forth to the aspirant after fame brought into existence those works that still continue to gain the admiration of the world. There the philosopher and the poet, the orator and the sage vied with each other in bestowing encomiums upon this institution. Both in Greece and Rome its healthful influence in some measure compensated for the want of the art of printing, and was made the effective instrument of disseminating among the people those precepts and sentiments, which have survived the wreck of those mighty empires, and twined around the brow of their authors immortal wreaths of glory. This means of diffusing intelligence among a people unacquainted with the advantages of a free press, contributed in no slight degree to enable those nations successively during so long a period to sway the sceptre of empire over the whole world. To the eloquence of their orators, and the impassioned strains of their tragedians were both these nations indebted for the lofty eminence which they attained.

But the influence of theatres upon modern nations, though not so perceptible, is no less powerful and beneficial than upon the ancients. In addition to the incentives to the exercise of American genius upon the most elegant species of writing in our language, and the consequent encouragement of polite literature, may be mentioned that secret, but nevertheless potent agency which they exert in refining and polishing the manners of a people. Facts are more convincing than the most specious reasoning. These teach us that theatres have ever been the concomitants of civilization and refinement, and have flourished only on the healthful soil of freedom. Not long can they withstand the damp gales of ignorance and degradation, or the hot feverish blasts of tyranny. Trace the faithful page of history and inform me in what countries theatres have received the most encouragement. Has it been among the barbarous and uncivilized nations of the world? Has it been among the "rude and boisterous" people of northern Europe, who for ages opposed an effectual barrier against every approach of civilization? Do we hear of a Scythian or Scandinavian Æsopus and Roscius? No—their names are inseparably connected with all that is beautiful and lovely in Roman refinement. We read not of a Garrick striking with mute astonishment the untutored sons of the forest by his extraordinary powers; but we do read of his delighting and captivating with his eloquence the learned and the polished of Britania's isle.

Spread forth the universe like a map, and observe the intellectual and political condition of those countries in which at the present time the drama is most cultivated, and where theatres receive the most general support of the people. Is it among the rude and unpolished, or among the refined?—under despotic or liberal governments? In England, whose government is the freest on earth, the encourager of the arts and sciences, and the active promoter of every thing calculated to embellish or to meliorate the condition of man, to use the language of one of its most distinguished historians, "the theatrical pieces, as well as actors, yield to none in point of excellence;" while in Russia, where the people have scarcely emerged from feudal tyranny, the drama is wholly disregarded, except in one or two cities noted for their literary superiority. In France and Spain, separated from each other merely by a chain of mountains, the same difference is perceptible. In the former far advanced in refinement, and elegant literature, and governed by a limited monarchy, the theatre is in a most flourishing condition; in the latter if it exists at all, its depressed state is plainly the index of the moral degredation and abject servitude of the Spanish, to a monarch whom they hate and fear. The cruel and bloody spectacles of bull-fights, which are viewed by all of every rank, age or sex, have produced a savage and ferocious temper among the Spanish, and have rendered them insensible to the glowing beauties of the most finished drama, or the fascinating power of an accomplished actor. If we turn our eyes to the western continent, we there perceive the truth of my remark illustrated. In the United States is exhibited that excellence in the dramatic art, which might be expected in a free government, and among a well informed people; while in South America and Mexico, theatres, even when permitted to be established, have received scarcely any support. It should be stated, however, that since the Southern republics have been freed from the yoke of Spanish tyranny, among other indications of improvement in that people, theatres have been opened and are beginning to receive the support of the best informed Americans. With truth did Cicero remark that no human invention was so well calculated as a theatre, to strengthen the energies, and ennoble the actions of a free people.—Without doubt every blind adorer at the bloody shrine of despotism, would reecho the sentiment that theatrical exhibitions are supported by the

"rude and boisterous." These exhibitions and a press unshackled by legislative restrictions have ever been the dread of tyrants, and the liberal sentiments disseminated by these two powerful engines, cause the despot involuntarily to place his hand on his crown, to see if it still sets closely on his head. Unless this is true, wherefore is it that theatres are wholly unknown in the despotic governments of Austria, Germany, Prussia, Portugal and Turkey? That glorious spirit of freedom that breathes in every line of the most admired dramas in our language would soon cause the degaded inhabitants of those countries to rise, and shake the chains in the faces of their oppressors.

The influence of well regulated theatrical exhibitions is no less salutary upon individual, than upon national character. As it is my intention at some future period to speak more fully on the point than my limits will now permit, I shall only at present give it a cursory glance. The general character of our plays is such that their tendency can scarcely be other than salutary. The drama has been correctly termed the mirror of nature, human life in miniature, in which is exhibited for imitation all that is virtuous and praiseworthy, while vice in all its multiplied forms is held forth to the scorn and detestation of every one. Virtue and vice, as it were, there become the objects of sight. The classic reader will recollect the just observation of Horace,

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
> "Quam quæ sunt oculis submissa fidelibus"

Genius has drawn his rich treasures from the exaustless mines of nature, accompanied the bold flights of imagination,—drank deep from the perrennial fountain of history—listened to the wild legends of tradition, and has decked all with the imagery of poetic fire, that from the stage they might make their appeal to the feelings and passions of men. *There* is universally seen the vicious man, though for a time he may seem to prosper in his wickedness ultimately meeting the fate he deserves, while he who follows the path of virtue, long struggling against the shafts of fortune, and at times almost overwhelmed by the waves of adversity, is exhibited at length rising triumphant above every obstacle, and receiving the reward of his unwavering constancy. What could be better calculated to strengthen sentiments of virtue, and to increase our aversion to vice than such examples? That such is the influence of most of our dramatic compositions, no one acquainted with the British classics, or with modern productions of this kind will be disposed to deny.

LIBERALITAS.

The Plaint.

O, I would go where the weary rest,
And the sleepers sleep so sweetly;
I would lay my head in the quiet earth
Where ages pass so fleetly.‡

I would not mix with the gay of earth,
Nor move in the thoughtless measure—
I would not sit in the halls of mirth,
When the heart is dead to pleasure.

I would not join in the bright array
Where wealth and beauty glitter,
When the flash of joy in the eye must play,
While the heart itself is bitter.

Nor would I kneel with those who kneel,
At the shrine of beauty only—
For eyes of light can ne'er dispel,
The feeling cold and lonely.

But I *would* go where the weary rest,
And the sleepers sleep so sweetly;
I would lay my head in the quiet earth,
Where ages pass so fleetly.

AUBREY.

‡ The opinion of some is, that the spirits of the departed, are unconscious of the interval between death and the resurection.

The celebration in New-York of the late French revolution, having been postponed on account of the inclemency of the weather took place on Friday the 26th ult. It is said to have exceeded every thing of the kind ever before witnessed in the New World. There was manifested an enthusiasm among all classes of citizens, which showed that the events of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830, were not without their interest on this side the water. Wherever the eye turned it rested upon the emblem of liberality in France. The "tricolor" waved from every window, rested upon every head and hung pendant from every button hole. The aged patriot, and the helpless infant—the middle aged, and the ever busy, and ever anxious urchin—the youth just grown into manhood, and the school-boy who knows no care and "fain would be a man"—all, all were decked in the "Red, White and Blue." A most splendid procession of nearly four miles in length was formed of which not the least interesting object was a barouche containing Mr. Anthony Glean, an officer of the navy in the revolutionary struggle bearing the identical standard of the United States which was hoisted by him immediately on the evacuation of the city by the British in 1783; also David Williams the only surviving captor of Andre, and Enoch Crosby the original of Cooper's "Harvey Birch." Not less than 70,000, persons were assembled in Washington square to witness the ceremonies which consisted of a prayer an address from the people of New-York to the French people, an oration, an Ode written for the occasion, the presentation of the tricolored flag to the artillery of New-York—*Marsellois Hymn* by the choir, and *Feu de joie* by the troops, on which the whole was dismissed. We are happy to state that no accidents happened—that is no lives were lost and there was no more drunkenness and thieving than is customary on such occasions.

A Tale:

Written on crossing the Green Mountains.

I.

The distant whistle of the mountain bird
In trembling accents vibrates on the air.
The wary fox with muffled step unheard,
Slow creeping leaves his thicket-shaded lair.
The weary sun, faint gleaming from the west, [rest.
Wakes night-born beasts to prowl and lulls mankind to

II.

I wander still in sober pensive mood,
While dun-clouds thicken 'round the atmosphere;
And not a sound disturbs the moss-grown wood,
Save where the small birds chant their vespers near
Some fountain gurg'ling from the mountain-side;
Or wild winds roar far off in solitary pride.

III.

In these rude haunts;—so long tradition tells;
While yet the Indian chased the timid game,
And built his wigwam in these woody dells;
A friendless, joyless, way-worn stranger came,
Whose brow, the index of a lofty soul, [bowl.
Was scathed, as he had tasted sorrows harsh-drugg'd

IV.

"Sons of the forest!" thus the youth bespoke,
"The painted chiefs in council ranged around,
"Heard ye the thunder peal last night that broke
"And with dark omen shook yon sacred ground?
"Saw ye the wailing spirit of the storm [form?
"That on your fathers graves low couch'd his haggard

V.

"The savage bribed by yonder Frenchman's pelf,
"Lurks near your home with murderous intent;
"E'en now he hides him as some blighting elf
"Or hell-born hag your evil God hath sent
"With dismal sounds to fright your game away,
"And then with famine sweep you from the face of day!

VI.

"Where yonder pensile clouds ill-boding brood
"O'er smould'ring ruins, but three suns ago,
"My father's peaceful habitation stood
"Beneath the deep-wood, as yourselves do know,
"For when we 'd gathered in the year's increase
"The red man there, oft smoked the calumet of peace.

VII.

"But ah! the northern horde of serpents came,
"Like night-fiends or the demons of the blast,
"With direful yell and all consuming flame,
"Our well built wigwam to the earth they cast;
"Now where yon pine peers o'er each neighb'ring tree,
"My sire; my friends, they drag in fell captivity.

VIII.

"By dread Manitto!—By the burnished sky!
"By your bright hunting grounds that shine afar!
"I tell ye, red Men! ye shall surely die
"By that foul clan, unless you give them war.
"Nay more! when murder'd, your best, boldest chief—
"His death song shall disgrace with woman hearted grief."

IX.

Here ceased the youth.—A low, hoarse murmur rose,
Like mountain panther's rage-obstructed growl;
More fierce, more loud, more unrestrained it grows;
Till ming'ling in one vengeance-telling howl,
Those voices echo through each glade and dell [hell.
Like tortured Furies' screams loud-peal'd from deepest

X.

Short council take the natives of the wood,
For nature's sons brook not the long delay.
They eye their leader, arm in sullen mood,
With axe and war-club, for the coming fray;
Now where the stranger points so stilly creep,
That e'en the timid hares along their path did sleep.

XI.

But hark! Strange sounds swell on the passing gale,
Of hellish orgies and unearthly rites;
Now rise at distance from that pine-clad vale,
Whose bosom rife with spirit-freezing sights
Beholds the captive for the flame prepared
A sacrifice their dreadful God has often shared.

XII.

Oh! who of all that weary ill-starr'd train,
Her limbs already bound to yonder tree;
Awaits a death of long protracted pain,
'Mid deaf'ning yells and mowing mockery?
It is,—alas! Ye heavens in blackness hide
From the foul sight; 'tis she, the stranger's plighted bride.

XIII.

Torn like a spring-flower from its native shade,
The youthful maiden wilted soon away;
As forest-flowrets with'ring, wasting, fade;
Exposed at noontide in the blaze of day.
And for her weakness those grim hounds of hate
Doom her light form a victim to the pow'r they hate.

XIV.

With down cast look, with wild dishevell'd hair,
Her spirit sinking at the prospect drear,
Amaz'd,—distress'd,—her snow-white bosom bare,
Now flush'd with modesty, now pale with fear;
But for those impious fetters she had been
Mistaken for some sylph or air-born woodland queen.

XV.

Faint yet resign'd does young Zelinda view
The furze preparing for the fatal pyre;
She recks not for the murder-dealing yew,
The stone-edged arrow or slow rising fire;
One only thought her flutt'ring soul employs,
Alberto; 'reft of her, sole centre of his joys.

XVI.

That sound! No.—'Twas the waking breeze that stirr'd
The dancing leaves upon the aspen tree;
Or tiny whirring of the humming bird,
Responsive to the dull note of the bee.
Their fears thus calm'd, the viper-hearted clan
With wanton archery their fiend-like sports began.

XVII.

Now bends the bow to many a brawny arm,
Wing'd shafts fly swiftly from the twanging string,
The missiles destined but to fright, not harm
The damsel, thick athwart the ether sing,
E'en now light ringlets of her ebon hair,
Cleft by the swift-thrown flint, float loose upon the air.

XVIII.

Still ply your merriment; ye ruthless clan!
Ye know not for each silken braid that flies,
Your distant tribe shall wail one foe of man,
With savage woe and unavailing cries.
But one brief moment, and ye shall be given, [even.
To famished wolves that prowling snuff the breeze at

XIX.

Thus murmur'd low the stranger as he view'd
Their brutal mirth and fiend-surpassing glee;
That lovely face with fear's chill sweat bedew'd;
The dart that o'er it trembled in the tree;
When at his beck the short death-telling sound,
The murd'rous flash and fierce-rung war-cry rose around.

XX.

The shriek, the look of vengeance and of woe,
Soon ended in the hopeless gasp for breath.
The purple current flow'd more still and slow,
As those grim warriors faded into death;
And still each face retained the fearful scowl,
In death more dread than demons as in life more foul.

XXI.

So the gaunt wolf purloins the shepherds care:
So gorged with blood endeavors to depart,
With moping pace to gain his mountain lair,
And when he feels the death-shot pierce his heart,
In sullen rage he sinks upon the plain;
And grinning grinds the fangs he ne'er shall use again.

XXII.

But who shall tell the meeting of that pair?
O! who describe that luxury of feeling?
Like hope fresh blossom'd on the plant despair,
More bright from contrast, on the spirit stealing,
As mermaid songs o'er ocean-surges rise; [skies.
Or sunlight sweetly gleams through tempest blackened

XXIII.

He who in dreams has seen the friends he loved, [sigh'd,
Friends o'er whose graves the night-winds long have
And with them oft in fancy's realms has roved;
Where flow'rs perennial grace some river-side;
Alone can know the ecstacy that rose
In these young hearts escap'd from dire impending woes.

Gallery: Character, No. XX.

Of all the characters in the world, that of a vain, headstrong woman is the most insupportable and odious; and of all the men in the world, that man is the most wretched, who is doomed to pass his life with such a woman. I mean not, by this assertion, to disparage the female sex;—others, beside myself, have, undoubtedly, seen and despised the same character; and I have the gratification of knowing, that it is despised by a large portion of the female community. The character of Mrs. A——, who is the subject of this article, may be completely delineated in two words, *vanity and obstinacy.* Being united to a husband who was not possessed of "every virtue under heaven;" and among other failings, was altogether wanting in that very essential requisite to matrimonial happiness, *patience*, her days were far from flowing in a smooth and even tenor. Though scarcely a day passed without witnessing their contentions upon some subject or other, yet there was one subject not often agitated between them, indeed, but which, whenever it *was* agitated, invariably made "*an uproar in the camp.*" It was the education of their son, who, well for the community, was their only son. All the teachers in the vicinity, were, in succession, honored by the attendance of this promising boy for a few days, or at most, for a few weeks, at their schools, by which time the judicious mother became convinced that they were wholly incompetent to the task of training the genius of her son to shine in that sphere, to which it was destined in after life to be elevated. That he was possessed of genius, she could not for a moment doubt, for all the geniuses that ever lived, despised restraint; and surely no one ever set at nought all rules and forms, even those of common politeness, more than he did; but a want of discernment in the schoolmasters prevented them from observing, or a mean jealousy kept them from acknowledging, his superior talents. But let it be understood, however, that the father was far from joining in the mother's whims upon this subject; he, in common with the schoolmasters, seemed totally unconscious of his son's transcendant abilities, and endeavored to keep him, as he should have been kept, at some one school till he had acquired, at least, the common rudiments of an English education. A plan was, however, fixed upon by the mother, (and for the sake of peace in the family, acceded to by the father,) for accomplishing her wishes, in the intellectual culture of her child. This was to obtain a teacher who should reside in the family and devote all his time to a pupil, who was afterwards, in the mother's imagination, to be a burning and a shining light to the world. Such a teacher was procured to the satisfaction of all parties, and every thing was thought to augur favorably of of the plan.

After several months had elapsed, a party of the relations of the family, was invited by Mrs. A. that she might have the pleasure of exhibiting to them the acquirements of her son. Delusive dream! for while the party were yet sitting around the festival board—the fond father inadvertantly asked his son, how far he had got in his learning—Over leaf; replied the child; Over leaf, my son, but what is there over leaf? Over leaf back again into A. B. abs was the answer. The whole company sat, as if a spell had been cast around them. The eyes of the father met the indigant glance of the mother's, and then he said to her, rather warmly. "I always knew and always said how it would be." You knew, did you, said she, accompaning her words with a very emphatic motion, which sent a tea cup tea and all, into contact with the head of her unfortunate spouse——"You said did you" with another gesture that placed a saucer in the same situation—plates, knives and forks followed in quick succession, while the company made the best of their way out of the house. The rest of the scene I will not picture—I have described enough to show, what may be expected of a character—composed of vanity and obstinacy.

D.

As most of the students are now absent from College, we are compelled to do that in print, which, were they present, might be done by a written notice merely. In order to make our paper interesting, those who contribute to its columns, must make their pieces short. Writers must not expect to say all that can be said on a subject, at least in one paper. A long and elaborate essay completely filling up the paper might be a rich treat to some few individuals: but variety alone can excite general interest.—ED.

MARRIED,

In this village, the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. Z. Nichols, Mr Wm. Scott to Miss Hannah Austin. In New-Haven, on the 1st inst. H. K. Sumner, to Miss —— Fletcher. In Shoreham Mr. Benjamin Tower to Miss Ruth Jenison. Also, Mr Benjamin Bissel to Miss. Culna Rich.—Also, 1st Dec. Mr Alonzo Bascom to Miss Lovicy Atwood. In St. Albans, Mr W. L. Soules, of Alburgh, to Miss Emily C. C. Adams. In Hartford, Vt. Constant Abbott, M. D. of Lime, N. H. to Miss —— Gilbert, of Hartford.

DIED,

In this village, on the 27th inst. Mr John Houghton, aged 50years. In Granville, N. Y. Mr. Francis P. Whipple, A. B. At Bethel, on the 17th inst. Mary Seraph Southmayd, youngest daughter of Rev. Warren Swift, aged 19 months. In Willsborough, N. Y. Mrs. Lillis Stafford, wife of Mr Joseph Stafford, aged 68.